

# Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.  
BEAUFORT, MISSOURI

## BLIND BY THE SNOW.

An Awful Tragedy of the Plains During a Winter Storm.

It was ten o'clock in the morning when we got down to the plain. Six inches of snow had fallen since midnight. The plain was fourteen miles east and west was one hundred. It was almost as level as a floor, and the first sight of it elicited exclamations of astonishment. No snow ever seemed so white. Not a tree or bush, not the track of a deer or wild beast, not the faintest trace that life existed between us and the far-away fort. The dead white of that plain made me think of the face of a corpse.

The wrinkled-faced old sergeant, who had superintended our work of bridging a chasm in the mountain range, looked up to the sky and across to the foothills and seemed to be in doubt. "Let's chance it!" called three or four of the men in chorus, and this decided the matter. In single file, the sergeant leading, the fourteen of us struck out across the plain. As soon as clear of the trees and brush every man felt a sort of giddiness. We had not gone two miles when the man in front of me seemed to have suddenly increased his height by a foot. I was puzzling over it when he just as suddenly became a dwarf. I heard the sudden laughing and knew that it was an optical illusion, but it frightened me. The sergeant had a mountain peak in view and seemed to strike a straight course, but when I looked back I saw that our trail zigzagged in a curious way.

We had made five miles of the journey when a sudden hail, and then a groan of despair went down the line. The clouds were driving away and the sun threatening to come out. Even as we turned and looked back and wondered if there was time to retrace our steps the gray film drove off to the south and the sun burst forth like an explosion.

Every man cried out in alarm, while half the column swayed and reeled as if wounded by bullets. What was the peril? What had the veteran soldier to fear? Something more dreaded than a band of Indians in war-paint; something less merciful than a pack of starving wolves—snow! In an instant every man's eyes seemed filled with it. To open them was to see a purple flame dancing about in a fantastic way; the giddiness increased all of a sudden, and we sank down in our tracks for fear of falling.

"The rope!" the sergeant was called along the line, but the sergeant had already taken it from his knapsack. It was a light rope fifty feet long, and he made one end fast to his own body. Each man then passed the free end back to his comrade till the end of the line was reached. We were to turn back and attempt to reach the spot from which we started. There was no such thing as seeing. If you opened your eyes after a long interval the snow was bold red. The sergeant felt for the trail with his feet, and we proceeded at a snail's pace. We had not made half a mile on the return journey when every man in the column was weeping or cursing. It was a species of drunkenness. Later on some shouted at the top of their voices. In the swaying about the sergeant was pulled from the trail and could not find it again, and one of the men who had killed him with a bullet if he could have held him by groping. During a moment of silence the official said:

"Boys, I am sorry for this, but I am not to blame. If you will lie down and cover your heads with your blankets you will be all right when the sun goes down."

Of the fourteen only four of us did as advised. The others seemed to have lost all reason. They sobbed like children; they cursed in a way to make you chill; they sang hymns and railed songs; they groped about to find each other and fight like furries. It was midnight before I lost the sound of their voices. At five o'clock the sun was out of sight, and a bitter, biting wind blew down from the mountains. Our eyes still ached, but we could see our way, and we took the snowy trail back to the hills. The night came down with a blizzard, and even in the shelter of a thicket, with a great fire blazing, ears and toes were frozen. Next morning, with a cold, gray sky and the air full of snowflakes, which seemed to burn as they touched the flesh, we went down on the plain to look for our lost comrades. They were lying here and there, to the right and left of the trail. No two were together. Some had walked about in circles, and some had crept for a mile on hands and knees. Everyone was dead and frozen stiff—ten out of fourteen—Chicago Times.

## The Making of Scissors.

Though no complexities are involved in the making of scissors, or much skill required, yet the process is very interesting. They are forged from good bar steel heated to redness, each blade being cut off with sufficient metal to form the shank, or that destined to become the cutting part and bow, or that which later on is fashioned into the holding portion. For the bow a small hole is punched, and this is afterward expanded to the required size by hammering it on a conical anvil, after which both shank and bow are filed into a more perfect shape and the hole bored in the middle for the rivet. The blades are next ground and polished on a lathe, and then polished with oil and emery, after which the pairs are fitted together and tested as to their easy working. They are not yet finished, however. They have to undergo hardening and tempering and be again adjusted, after which they are finally polished together again and polished for the third time. In comparing the edges of knives and scissors it will be noticed, of course, that the latter are not in any way so sharply ground as the former, and that, in cutting, scissors crush and bruise more than knives—Inventive Age.

## Hard of Hearing.

Jasper—Brown never seems to hear his door-bell nowadays. People ring and then go away.

Jump—Of course he can't hear it. He is over his ears in debt—Truth.

Advice to a Parent.

"I don't know what to do with that boy of mine. He is getting to be a regular blade."

"Better try shutting him up."—Chicago Tribune.

## THE CITY OF GOD.

Over square it lies, with walls of gleaming pearl  
And gates that are not shut at all by day;  
There evermore their wings the storm winds  
And night falls not upon the shining way.  
Up which, by two and three, and in great  
throng.

The happy people tread, whose mortal road  
Led straight to that fair home of endless song,  
The city, beautiful and vast, of God.  
Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, the joy,  
The light, the bloom of that sweet dwelling place.

Where praise is eye the rapturous employ  
Of those who there behold God's shining face.  
Here, fabled by many a tedious care  
And bowed by burdens on the weary road,  
The while the eternal years are as a breath,  
We cannot dream of all the glory there.

In that bright city, beautiful of God,  
There some have waited for our coming long.  
Blown thither on the mystic tide of death,  
They catch some fragments of our broken song,  
The while the eternal years are as a breath,  
There we shall go one glorious day of days,  
And drop forever every earthly load,  
And we shall view, undimmed by earth's low  
light, the city, beautiful and vast, of God.

In that great city we shall see the King,  
And tell Him how he took us by the hand  
And led, in our weakness, drag and eling,  
As children when they do not understand  
Yet with the mother walk as night comes on  
And wish that home was on some shorter  
road.

O, with what pleasure shall we look upon  
Our Saviour in the city of our God!  
—Margaret M. Sangster, in Congregationalist.



A LITTLE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

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## CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.

He started to his feet with a sudden flash of recklessness in his eyes, and paced the floor for a few moments before he suddenly checked himself; then the question was settled.

"On the whole," he said, aloud, "I will go. Why not? It will be merely carrying out the programme that I have already determined upon. I have commenced to drift; I might as well continue the exciting experiment. It is possible, indeed most probable, that Mrs. Maynard will at once discover that I am not the particular Mr. North to whom her note was addressed; but in that case I can make some sort of apology; note fell into my hands by mistake; carelessness of the clerk; same name; very amusing coincidence," and so on, and thus bow myself gracefully out of the affair. But if, on the other hand, she should share the popular misapprehension as to my identity, why then I'll be guided by circumstances."

He paused now before his valise, which he portly had deposited on a chair, and, opening it, commenced unpacking and tossing its contents carelessly on the bed. Among other items a rather formidable-looking memorandum book, bound in Russia leather, came to light. As his eye fell upon it, a sudden inspiration seemed to seize him.

"Something is certain to come of this ridiculous affair," he said to himself, taking up the note book, and also pen and ink which he had in convenient portable shape, "so I will just make a little note of what has already occurred. It may be the significant beginning of important and interesting events."

With this reflection he established himself at the writing table and commenced to record in the pages of his note book the thrilling experiences he had just passed through.

Allan North had a phenomenally treacherous memory, which, instead of strengthening it by a wise recourse to one or all of the popular memory systems now in vogue, he had unconsciously weakened still further by an habitual subservience to note-book and pencil. Possessing a certain sense of humor, a fluent style of expression, and the leisure that enabled him to exercise his literary talents, he frequently elaborated his daily notes, beyond the mere jotting down of facts which it was important for him to remember. If you, dear reader, could have deciphered the hastily scrawled pages preceding the entry upon which he was now engaged, you would have found them to read thus:

"Monday.—Was in court this morning for the first time since the Dunkirk will case was called. Found things in statu quo. Hopkins and Shepherd both out of town. Possibly after that missing witness who still continues non est inventus. Suspect she's a myth. Hunter and Ketchum both jubilant. Say they



LOSSING ITS CONTENTS CARELESSLY.

are sure of winning. Hope they will, are sure of the office at stake. Thus far no trace of that missing niece. Query: Is she a myth, too?

"Tuesday.—Startling developments in the Dunkirk case to-day. Will proven to be a forgery. Hopkins and Shepherd evidently have no hand in it. They were both considerably taken back when this fact was established by the experts, and they telegraphed at once to the claimant's confidential legal adviser—odd that I never happened to hear him spoken of by name—to find out what it all means. In my opinion they will have to send a detective after him. I'll stake my last cigar (the one I smoked last, I mean) that the fair claimant and her confidential legal adviser—who, by the way, has wisely kept at a safe distance from New York during this investigation—will prove to be the persons who forged that document. Hunter and Ketchum are still advertising for information concerning Annie Dupont, the niece and sole heir at law. No result thus far. Meanwhile, there is a fine little case of forgery to be investigated. Already the inside theories are being woven, and, if

I mistake not, there will be some interesting developments in the case before many days.

"Wednesday.—Here's a state of things! Hunter and Ketchum have to-day received a communication from a man calling himself Dennis O'Reilly (doesn't that savor of the Emerald Isle?) living in X—, a city of considerable importance in the wild west, who—the Irishman, I mean—claims to be in possession of facts that will lead to the discovery and identification of Annie Dupont. For my part I have no faith in the story; but H. and K. think the matter is worth investigating, and they have proposed that I go at once to X—, find this man and follow up his claim if it should prove to be worth anything.

The prospect is rather enticing, and, as it happens, my professional engagements are not so numerous or exacting just now as to interfere with my absenting myself from the office. Prosecuted a case of assault and battery yesterday, and sent defendant to jail. Don't know whether he was guilty or not. Suspect not; but I prove that he was, and that was the end of it. And now, inflamed by that grand success, my voice is still for war! Wish I could get hold of something sensational, something really worthy of my attention. Assault and battery! I blush to write the words. Are my clients disappointed, my nerves and brain tissues to be worn out pursuing such paltry game as that? The fates forbid! There must be some higher destiny in store for me. Perhaps this mission to X— will furnish me the sensational experiences that I long for.

My constituents demands a slight change of air and scenery, and the trip will no doubt be of great benefit to me, though whether anything of importance to business interests will result therefrom is somewhat problematical. Immediately after this came North's latest entry:

"Friday noon.—At X—. Just got here. Quite a breezy, wide-awake little city, inhabited by a set of harmless and amusing lunatics. Their first manifestation of eccentricity was to insist that I am some other fellow, who oddly enough bears my illustrious name, follows me home, and as the final link in this astonishing chain of coincidences, although out of town at this present writing, boards at the very hotel at which I am stopping. Tried to convince them of their mistake. No use. Average mind not open to conviction. Finally decided to let them have their own way about it, and am therefore going to play my role in this comedy of errors as Antipholus of Syracuse, unless Antipholus of Ephesus steps in prematurely and defeats my purpose. Must hunt up Dennis O'Reilly. Forlorn hope. Don't know where to look for him. Probably digging ditches somewhere. H. and K. must have been crazy to pay any attention to his communication.

"Note Extraordinary (made five minutes after arrival at the manner of English tourists visiting the states).—People of X— are very socially inclined. Circumstances offered evidence. I find here on the instant of my arrival a note from one, Mrs. Maynard, evidently a lady moving in aristocratic circles, inviting me to call upon her at two o'clock this afternoon. No references required. Invitation downright and unconditional. In spite of the embarrassing fact that I have no money, the honor of meeting the lady aforesaid, and have not the slightest idea where she lives, I have decided that it will not be polite to slight the very first invitation extended to me here, and I am therefore intending to call upon the said Mrs. Maynard of No. 33 Delaplaine street, at the hour and place aforesaid. Have a vague hope that she may be able to throw some light upon the present mystery of my identity. If she decides that I am myself, the verdict of the general public will be immediately set aside. If she insists, I give you my word that I have not the faintest idea. Capital idea! Saves me all further responsibility in the matter. Interesting psychological question. Not exactly a case of Jekyll and Hyde, but rather suggests the query whether a man may not have two separate and distinct personalities without being at all aware of it until some one else discovers the fact for him. On second thought, I am not sure but the real question is, whether or not a man can be in two different places at one and the same time. Pshaw! No use in breaking my brain with these speculations. My first duty is to find out who I really am. With that point once clearly and indisputably settled (by Mrs. Maynard), all these minor questions will take care of themselves. I think my prospects for innocent amusement here look promising. Am basing my calculations on the reserve judgment on that point until I have had an interview with Mr. O'Reilly."

It was at this point that North closed his book, threw down his pen and consulted his watch again. As the immediate result of this latter proceeding he started up with the audible exclamation:

"One o'clock! I must be expeditious if I expect to be at Mrs. Maynard's at the appointed hour. I shall do my best to make a good impression; all in the other fellow's interests, of course! I suspect that I'm pretty well acquainted with her, but I'll try to make a good impression on her. I wonder upon what action this summons is based? Nothing whatever in the writ to indicate that. Mrs. Maynard will be at home at two o'clock. Will it be convenient for Mr. North to call at that hour?"

## CHAPTER II.

Ant. S.—There's not a man I meet but doth salute me.  
As if I were their well acquainted friend.  
And everyone doth call me by my name.

At half-past one o'clock Allan North reappeared on the hotel portico. The number of idlers there had diminished considerably during the past half hour; only Col. Dayton and the gentleman with the eye-glasses remaining of the original group.

The latter, tipped back in a chair with his feet elevated to the top of the veranda railing, was enveloped in a cloud of fragrant cigar smoke, which he contemplated with as much complacency as if it had been a halo of glory. The colonel, seated beside him with a newspaper spread out before him, was proclaiming aloud to his rather inattentive auditor the news of the day, foreign, domestic and local.

"Hail Mr. North," he exclaimed, coming to a full stop in his reading, "are you off again?"

"For a short time, colonel," answered

North, pausing on the steps to give a final smoothing down to his gloves.

The gentleman with the eye-glasses took his cigar from his teeth, cleared away the encircling smoke and turned toward North with a half sneering scrutiny.

"I say," he suddenly demanded, the idle curiosity in his expression changing to selfish interest, "are you going to the office?"

North lifted his eyebrows slightly; a comment entirely for his own benefit. Perhaps he had an office, and a practice that would be likely to make some demand upon his attention. Might not that be a trifle awkward?

"Well," he said to himself, "this cannot go on forever. I shall either succeed in establishing my own identity, or be taken in 'charge by the commissioners' in lunacy, before I have been many hours in X—!"

Then aloud:  
"To the office," he repeated, in a leisurely way, as he were mentally debating the question. "I hadn't thought of it. Why?"

"Oh, I was merely intending to ask you, if you were going there, to take a message to Morris. No consequence. I shall probably get down there in time to greet him myself. You know he takes the train case into court this afternoon. I'm waiting now to see Woods, who promised to meet me here at one o'clock. He's late, as usual—found him! Any idea where you are going, North?"

Alas, he had not! But he smiled serenely as he answered with reckless candor:

"Why, yes, my dear fellow; I may as well tell you that I am due at No. 33 Delaplaine street at two o'clock."

"Indeed?" No surprise, but considerable significance in this dry rejoinder.

"Do you know where that is?" pursued North with amiable sociability, thinking the while that, if he, he envied the gentleman with the eye-glasses the information.

"Where what is? No. 33 Delaplaine street?" demanded that gentleman, with a blank stare. "Good heavens, man, how long do you take to keep your role of idiot? Wasn't I that first introduced you there, I'd like to know?"

"Perhaps it was," admitted North, nonchalantly.

"It might have been, for anything that I am prepared to say to the contrary," he added mentally, as he stood for a moment pulling his mustache in a meditative way and gazing with a puzzled air up and down the street.

"I say, North, have you taken to low comedy as a permanent thing?" continued the aggrieved possessor and wearer of the eye-glasses. "It's a shock, even to me, to see you degenerating so suddenly into the character of a clown."

"I can vary it with high tragedy," said North, exclaimingly, as he went down the steps, "if that will suit you any better, my dear fellow. Au revoir!"

And with a delightful sense of uncertainty as to whether he was tending, he started slowly down the street.

He had not proceeded very far when he was arrested by the colonel's facetious exclamation:

"I say, Mr. North, are you walking in your sleep? Delaplaine street isn't down that way, you know?"

North whirled around compositely and retraced his steps.

"Will you be kind enough to tell me, then, my dear colonel," he said, "where Delaplaine street is? I give you my word that I have not the faintest idea."

And, pausing by the steps as he muttered this astonishing confession of ignorance, he looked up at the colonel with innocent perplexity depicted in his countenance.

"Mr. North, what is the matter with you?" demanded Col. Dayton, in whose round, astonished eyes North read not a little dismay and suspicion.

"Nothing at all, colonel, except the difficulty that I have mentioned," returned North, reassuringly. "The case is as plain as a pikestaff. I wish to go to Delaplaine street, and I have not the faintest idea where Delaplaine street is. Now, is not that a coincidence?"

"Are you sure, Mr. North—quite sure, you know?" ventured the colonel, nervously apprehensive lest he might not put the case with sufficient delicacy, "that you are in an exactly a condition, you know, to call on a lady?"

North's first impulse was to resent this imputation; but he reflected how much ground there was for the colonel's suspicion, and amusement became pre-emptory in his feelings. He smiled as he answered:

"Oh, yes, colonel, I am perfectly sure of that."

"Well," said the colonel, still with the air of one who darkly suspected that he were being imposed upon, "you go up Main street, ten squares beyond the courthouse, and then turn into Delaplaine street at your left. And if I had a silver dollar for every time that you've been over that route in the last three years, I'd be a rich man!" he added with a reproachful scowl, as he drew his brows together and looked down sharply at North. "Think you can make out, now, how to get there?"

"Oh, I think I shall have no difficulty now, colonel, thank you." And with a wave of his hand North turned away again.

"Why didn't you let him go on in the first place?" cried the gentleman with the eye-glasses, before North was beyond the reach of his voice. "Perhaps you had better send a small boy along to show him the road! The fellow has been either drunk or as crazy as Hamlet ever since he got back this morning. What to make of him I don't know, I'm sure!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## PITH AND POINT.

"Smilkins devotes his time to directing the footsteps of the aged and infirm." "Good for him. How does he do it?" "Bosses the street-cleaning gang."—Detroit Tribune.

"Proud Father—"But do you think baby looks anything like me?" Diplomatic Friend—"I don't think it would be wise, in the baby's presence, to express my opinion as to that matter."—Boston Transcript.

"Yes, sir," said the young man, "I want to work for the government." "O!" said the congressman, his face brightening. "I didn't get things right at first, I thought you wanted an office."—Washington Star.

"Stranger—"How much are turkeys a pound?" "Poultryman—"Ten cents." "Stranger—"Any reduction if I take a quantity?" "Poultryman—"Certainly." "Stranger—"Then give me five pounds."—Raymond's Monthly.

"Totie Spyece (of the Sisters Spyece, song-and-dance)." "Say, Millie, did you notice that silly-looking addle-pate, young Cholly Van Blanke, in front?" "Millie—"No. Couldn't distinguish him. They all looked the same to me."—Truth.

"Couldn't Help Him Out.—Travers—"Say, do you know of anyone who would be willing to lend me a \$5 bill?" "Dasher—"Yes, Travers. I know of plenty, but I don't know of anyone who wants to give it away."—Detroit Free Press.

"A man who did not like to speak ill of others was heard to say, under circumstances of great provocation: 'Mr.—may be all that we hope, but if we were under a tree on dark night and I were a chicken, I would roost high!'—Union Signal.

"Col. Robert G. Ingersoll was recently approached by a Scotchman at the close of his lecture on Robert Burns, who said: 'Colonel, the title of your lecture should be the epitaph on your tombstone.' 'How is that?' asked the Scot. 'Robert Burns,' replied the Scot.

"A flower has been found in northern Mexico that has a perfume like that of whiskey; and when a lot of prospectors from California got into a field where it grew they were just wild with excitement, until they found where the odor came from.—Texas Siftings.

"An old lady who is very much of a bore paid a visit to a family. She prolonged her stay, and finally said to one of the children: 'I'm going away directly, Eddie, and I want you to go part of the way with me.' 'Can't do it! We are going to have dinner as soon as you leave,' replied Eddie.

"A Prize Winner.—At the recent examination of the law in municipal jurisprudence in one of the colleges in this state one of the questions on the paper was: 'What are some of the causes of what is termed 'natural death'?' The answers were varied and interesting, but the one thing that took the cake was: 'Hanging, disease and old age.'—Detroit Free Press.

## HOW TO TREAT A BOOK AGENT.

Make Him Subscribe for a Church Fund

After the Detroit Free Press. He was a book agent, and apparently a thrifty one, for his clothes were good and he had the bearing of a man who knew his business and did it successfully. He knocked at the door of a house on Second avenue, and upon being admitted sent up his card. The lady of the house, of course, didn't know who her visitor was, and came down to see. As soon as she stepped into the room where he sat expectant, she spotted him for what he was and made up her mind.

"Ah, Mr. Blank," she said, so cordially that he lost his balance, "how do you do? I am real glad you came. You know it was very kind of you. So many men have a way of trying to escape, and it is such a rare thing for one to be brave enough to come right up to that really I am charmed."

By this time the agent was clear off his feet, and tried to say something, but she went right on.

"You know, of course you must know, that the ladies on this street are doing all they can to raise money enough to buy an organ for our church, and we only need now one hundred dollars to complete the full amount."

"I would give you ten dollars, but as you have been bold enough to beard the lion in his den"—and she laughed merrily—"why, you know, I am going to let you off on only five dollars. It's such a small amount, that I'm sure you will not hesitate to give it to us, though, of course, if you wish to make it ten dollars we will not refuse it."

By this time he had in some manner fished out the only five dollar bill he had and handed it over.

"I'm sure," he began.

"Oh, don't mention it," she went on; "you are so kind, and I won't detain you a moment longer from business, for I know how busy you men are in the daytime."

He began to say something again.

"No, no," she interrupted. "I won't listen to a word. You must go now, and some other time you may come in and tell me how glad you are to help me."

And she fairly burst him out of the front door and shut it after him.

Then she laughed.

"Well," she said, "I guess he won't come back again," and he, from the other side of the door, didn't ask her to guess again.—Detroit Free Press.

## A Touch of Humanity.

One of the incidents that illustrate the helpfulness of humanity, when its sympathies are aroused, occurred in Dexter the other day. A barber in that town who, last summer mortgaged his shop and tools in order to raise money to pay himself a little home, has been unfortunate since that time and so was unable to pay the note when due. Saturday the mortgage was foreclosed and officers removed the furniture and tools from the shop. A sympathizing crowd watched the proceedings and then went to work to repair the damage. One hunted up a barber chair, another razor, mugs, etc., and by the time the confiscated goods were all removed, the barber was all ready to call for "next." The same evening a subscription was started and enough money raised to buy a new chair of the latest and most approved pattern.—Lewiston Journal.

Their Characteristics.

Keedick—French financiers are a race set of fellows.

Fosdick—True enough, and Americans are apt to be dollars-ous.

Keedick—Yes, while the English money men are sterling chaps.—Detroit Free Press.

## TAX REFORM DEPARTMENT.

(This department aims to give everybody's ideas about taxation (not to give the opinions of the editor, but to give the opinions of the Taxation Society, a member of the Taxation Society, this office of P. O. Box 4, Buffalo, N. Y.)

## Dairymen Discuss Taxation.

A recent issue of the American Dairyman contained an editorial criticizing the platform of the New York Tax Reform association, which favors the exemption of capital from taxation, and declaring that the adoption of such a change in the tax laws would ruin the farmers by placing the main burden of taxation on them.

The following reply was published in the next issue of the paper:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE AMERICAN DAIRYMAN.—Dear Sir:—"Your argument in favor of attempting to tax personal property are probably the best that can be made for that side of the taxation problem, but as they are founded on an entirely erroneous idea of the practical workings of the system which we advocate, we beg to reply to some of the statements in your editorial."

The first objection to our proposal to exempt personal property from taxation is that under its operations the farmer would be "reformed off of the earth." Since it is the increase in his personal property (such as stock, implements, etc.) that makes the growing value of the farmer, it is hard for us to see the logic of your claim that he would be injured by freeing all these from taxation. Why should he cease to produce or save wealth, simply because he has not to pay a fine on every \$100 worth of new property?

Your protest against adding to the mortgaged farmer's burdens is one with which this association agrees. There is nothing in our platform of principles to warrant your assertion that we wish the farmer to pay the main burden of taxation. We desire nothing of the kind. Your mistake arises from the popular belief that because the farmers own the greater part of the area of the land, they also own the same proportion of its value. Nothing could be further from the facts. The assessment returns for this state prove that the real estate of the purely farming districts is not worth one-fifth of that of the cities, towns and villages, so that if taxes were levied on real estate alone, not one-fifth would be paid by the farmers. Single lots in New York city, Brooklyn or Buffalo often sell for more than the value of an entire township in the rural sections of the state.

With reference to the taxation of mortgages it must be evident to you that this would be double taxation. As the farmer has both farm and money, while the mortgage has only the paper evidence of the loan, it would be decidedly unjust to tax him on something he does not possess.

If mortgages were taxed, since money will bring an equally high rate of interest in other investments, the result would be either one of two things. No capital would be loaned to farmers, who would be bankrupted by mortgages calling in their loans; or the tax would be charged over to the borrower in the shape of higher interest, a bonus for getting the money, etc. Very true it is, that something can not be had for nothing.

Your sentiments in favor of the tolling masses are also endorsed by us. We do not propose to exempt the "ownership of wealth that is aggregated outside of real estate," for the simple reason that there is no such wealth. What is generally called personal property—stock, bonds and mortgages—are merely titles to real estate, in the form of railroads, coal or oil lands, etc. Bear in mind that personal property can not earn one dollar of income without involving the use of real estate, and you will see that the "money aristocracy" must directly or indirectly pay their share of taxation.

NEW YORK TAX REFORM ASSOCIATION, Bolton Hall, Secretary.

## The Only Way Out.

Down on the eastern coast, where the British province of Nova Scotia juts out into the Atlantic, that king of game fishes, the salmon, is captured by a method which your true angler considers very unsportsmanlike. He favors a knit from, line, strong twine, is run out from a point or headland a distance of several hundred feet. The end of the net is looped so as to form a large pouch, in which the only opening is a narrow passage, where the end overlaps the side of the pouch for several feet. Buoyed by blocks of security, and anchored firmly by heavy weights, the fish trap is ready for business.

Swimming with the tide comes a lordly salmon, the most active and wary of the finny tribes. Lazily floating, occasionally lunging on some small fry, he is at once the emblem of security and freedom. Suddenly he stops. His progress is barred by a curiously meshed obstruction which lies directly across his watery path. He will go around it, and so he turns toward the shore. Soon he finds the water getting shallow, and still as he fairly bursts him out of the front door and shut it after him.

Then she laughed.

"Well," she said, "I guess he won't come back again," and he, from the other side of the door, didn't ask her to guess again.—Detroit Free Press.

One of the incidents that illustrate the helpfulness of humanity, when its sympathies are aroused, occurred in Dexter the other day. A barber in that town who, last summer mortgaged his shop and tools in order to raise money to pay himself a little home, has been unfortunate since that time and so was unable to pay the note when due. Saturday the mortgage was foreclosed and officers removed the furniture and tools from the shop. A sympathizing crowd watched the proceedings and then went to work to repair the damage. One hunted up a barber chair, another razor, mugs, etc., and by the time the confiscated goods were all removed, the barber was all ready to call for "next." The same evening a subscription was started and enough money raised to buy a new chair of the latest and most approved pattern.—Lewiston Journal.

Their Characteristics.

Keedick—French financiers are a race set of fellows.